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Literary Selections.

THE MISJGDGED TRAVELERS rived at the little town of R-; for sev- able."

eral hours we had ridden through the pelting storm, and we were thoroughly ed; but there was a cheering prospect before us for B-brought a letter of introduction to the Cura of the village, who, he had been assured, would receive us with a hearty welcome.

The sight of two white turrets sent a carry through the mud, we had tooked forward with pleasurable, emotions to the pictures of the good Padre with his jocund

"Fair round belly, with fat capon lined," a very model of hospitality and good homes. cheer. Now our dreams were about to

Turning a sharp corner, there stood the quiet parsonage, a pattern of neatness and snugly ensconsed beneath the shadow of the church; a pot of flowers before the door indicated the presence of some female hand. Every lingering misgiving, if there had been any in our hearts, immediately vanished, and, putting apurs to our horses, we dashed up to the bouse, nor did we draw rein until at the very threshold.

The guitar was tinkling merrily, and there was a sound of smothered laughter; but both were hushed in a moment, and a dozen faces looked out of the window, askance, his whole air had little in it of the table to serve us; and, determined to and were quickly withdrawn. There came a sound of loosening bolts ; the door opened slightly, and out popped a little pug nose, and two very black eyes; there was something bewitchingly impudent in that little pug. admirably in keeping with the eyes that stared at us with a most deflant coolness and inquiring wonder. A pile of noses and eyes was ditaly visible behind, all wearing about the same expression of surprise.

nd cannot be disturbed for an hour

Hereupon B-dragged out of his pocket something looking like a wet rag, and extended it to the damsel, informing her that it was a letter for the Cura.

She turned it over, inquiringly, saying awake. "But," cried B-, growing den." impatient, for the rain poured down in toments, "it is an introduction; we have come here to lodge!"

"Ah!" said she, with astonishment, "then perhaps you would do well to come in and wait until the Cura rises."

We were shown into a small room served as the passage-way from reet to the inner court. A window and a door wide open kept up a free circulation and the temperature was about as disagreeable within as out of doors. A plain deal table, a settee, and two old fashioned high leather-backed chairs formed the furniture, and the damp brick floor was uncovered by carpet or mat.

We felt no surprise at finding such a room in the country, where the rooms, which often serve as a parlor, kitchen, bed-room, and hen-house, are generally no better; but the half opened door disclosed a snug little parlor, nicely carpeted and furnished, starting in our mind a train of deductions not over favorable to the civility of our fair entertainers.

The ladies looked at us a few moments, made some remarks about the weather, despair. He had been completely out- peppers and all (except the senorita,) in and to make abstractions of terror, or pity, asked all the questions necessary to satis- generaled, and would have relinquished the very bottom of Tophet. fy their curiosity, and then tripped gayly the attack, had he not seen an ill-disguised All further attempts to eat were useback to the parlor to resume thir dancing. smile struggling for mastery in my face. less. The senorita was all sympathy, lish dissenter had suffered more severely From the same room, also, came a smell That re-inflamed his pride; and rousing fearing that I had lost my appetite, or was under the penal laws than John Bunyan. of burnt sugar, a hissing of the kettle, and all his energies, he exclaimed: other unmistakable evidences that the "My dear sir, we are very hungry; wil was shedding a genial influence over you give us something in eat?"

in that snug parlor would have been de- easiness on that score. bring the steaming mate palpably before fire?"

B thrust both hands into his pock. The Padre then went out, leaving us to Just as we were about to leave, the inflicted upon the one that does not recoil was amply compensated for the slight of the hills, "Cover us," or in the calmness and foolery, gems and jewsley. ets, and, dropping his head upon his enjoy the fire. breast, burst out in the most furious in- "What think you now of your excel- leaked out; a number of the villagers man in abject slavery, the Turk himself with which he was everywhere else re- skin worms destroy this body, yet in my vectives against the baseness of mankind, lent introduction?" I asked, as the Cura came to the house, and inquired for us. becomes a degenerate slave. - London ceived. He no sooner appeared in the flesh I shall see God?" A little reflective door for dear Edand the Chilenes in particular.

and no little annoyed, this sudden and un- denunciation of all introductions and inhelp laughing heartily and twitting my nos, and more particularly the denizens parrion on his excellent introduction. of R-, among whom he clearly de-

what he had suffered was owing merely to the rudeness of a few thoughtless girls,

An hour-to us an age-had passed, done credit to a philosopher. when one of the girls came to tell us that

another inquisitive look at us, and then tality would be sweet. started off through the rain to their

The Cura soon appeared. He was a large, portly man, dressed in the usual ders was thrown a shaggy brown poncha. his feet were cased in suekos (clogs), raising him some two inches off the ground; and his head was surmounted by a white night-cap, the tassel of which hung down in front. A large pair of goggles adorned upon a paper cigarito, whose smoke curled disdainfully from his nostrils; his broad fish; even his double chin conveyed no expression of benevolence, and as he stood our esteem. with his hands in his pockets, eyeing us open-hearted hospitality.

"I brought you a letter, sir," said Bbowing politely.

"Yes, I have read it," was the significant reply of the prelate, as he dropped his portly person into an arm-chair.

Both of us were seized with the same idea-to rush out of the house, and seek lodging elsewhere. But where could we go? The storm raged pitilessly-our Bowing very low, we inquired, "Is the Padre at home?" servants had started off to pasture with the horses—we knew nothing of the town the horses-we knew nothing of the town, and had no means of transporting our "Not now, sir; he is sleeping the sies- luggage. A pause followed; broken, at last, by B .-

> "We are very sorry, sir, to put you to so much trouble."

> "Not the slightest in the world, senor; the house is entirely at your disposal," was the freezing polite reply.

"At the earliest possible hour in the that she would hand it to him when he morning we shall relieve you of the bur-

> "Ah!" exclaimed our host, staring at us and at the formidable pile of baggage, as though he thought we had come to spend a month. He evidently felt relieved; and asked in a somewhat more conciliatory manner, how long we had

> been upon the road. "We started early in the morning, not even waiting for breakfast," answered B-, throwing out his elbow in the direction of my ribs, to call my attention to the delicate manner in which the hint had been conveyed. But though the hint and the elbow struck me forcibly, the good Padre did not seem to notice

"Had you much rain upon the road?" "Yes, sir, the storm was violent, and that with the wind, we were wet through

The elbow again punched my ribs, after this excellent hit; but our kind host could not comprehend that either food or fire would add to our comfort, and puffed away at his cigarito in silence.

We were assured by a dignified wave Now this was very aggravating: a seat of the hand, that we need not feel no un-

lightful; the lively dance would have "But. sir," continued B-, deter- upon our staying for breakfast, and would cold, wet, and hungry as we were, to so very cold; will you order us some promising to make the remainder of our back and a whip in his hand.

our senses-the mate, that very "calumet" The order was given ; and, after a few tality, and determined to push on, protoit to our expectant lips, that was too bad. peared with a huge pan of burning coals. our return.

left the room.

As to myself, though hungry, weary, My companion broke out in furious ected destruction of all our fair troducers. He was vehement against ms was so ludicrous, that I could not all South Americans, especially the Chil- another.

lest and most unprincipled. But as his heavily-laden mules. wrath expended itself, he fell into more "They must think that we are peddlers!" and the good Padre, immediately on wak- charitable mood, and discoursed on the cried B ---, indignantly. It was a cold, rainy day when we ar- ing, world make us extremely comfort- advantages of traveling and studying hu- "To tell you the truth, gentlemen," said

they were about to give the Cara an long, when a senorita, entered, and, pul- reader ever have occasion to travel in were plenty-literature looked up at last "esquinazo," to rouse him from his slum- ling out the drawer began to set the ta- Chili, as he values his respectability, let from its knees where it had so long been bers. Then the whole troop came rush- ble. This done, she drew a chair up to him beware of pack-mules and superfluing out like so many bacchanals, and soon the fire, and entered into conversation. ous baggage! we heard, resounding from the distant She was young-or passably so; sprightcorridor, the monotonous strumming of Ty, like all her country-women, and rather thrill through our bosoms. Trudging the guitar, a loud, laughing chorous, and pretty, with a light complexion, rosy SKETCH OF JOHN EUNYAN by nobles. Rousseau-was be not exiled an alternate rubbing and beating upon checks, and bewitchingly black eyes, un the door with a sheep-skin, in imitation der whose mild influence we began to snug vicarage; we had conjured up many of the hissing and explosion of rockets. mollify, and think that, at her hands, The girls came trooping back, took even the bitter bread of unwilling hospi-

> She told us that she was the good Cura's niece, and had come to live with him in order to superintend his household, and look after his temporal affairs. We black gown of the clergy; over his shoul- had not asked any questions, but she seemed to think this explanation of her position necessary-for the world is too apt to be uncharitable.

> The meal soon came; and it was abundant. There was a huge "casuela de ave," redolent with the fames of onions; a massive piece of roast beef followed, flanked on the left by sundry bottles of red wine -the rich mosto of the South. The worface was about the color of a dried cod. thy Padre (perhaps, rather, the niece) had outdone himself, and rose rapidly in

The young lady insisted on sitting at do honor to her kindness, I began by a brimming speonful of the savory soup. I had forgotten the predilection of the Chilenes for, "aji," (red peppers;) and as I stopped to draw breath, I felt my whole throat and mouth blistered, as though I had swallowed so much melted lead. The pain was intense; and seizing the earest thing at band-a bottle of mosto

omething, said, with an angelic smille.

hands"-a perfectly Spanish compliment; ary eminence.

sick; and for several days after my swol- Of the twenty-seven years which had len lips and blistered mouth reminded me elapsed since the Restoration, he had

The next morning as we were preparing for an early start, the Cura insisted visit pleasant; but we declined his hospi-

"Have you any guitar strings for sale?" | Leader.

"No!" was the reply.

"What, then, do you carry those large guardian angel of maiden life.

monstrated that the padres were the vi- boxes for?" said a third, pointing to the

nan nature, in a manner that would have the Cura, laughing, "I thought so mysetf at first!"

Another hour had dragged slowly a- Every story has its moral; should the

From Macmoley's History.

pulling his clothes. He thought that the perstition and caste. ntense and so long continued.

translaton of the Bible. His spelling pens and lives! "What do you wish, sir? Perhaps was bad. He frequently transgressed The French Encyclopædia,-Voltaire, you would like a little more of ?" and the rules of grammar. Yet the native from being quite an habitue of the Bassuiting the action to the word, she deposited alongside my plate a bowl of red pep- knowledge of all the religious passions, no better reasons, began to east around presses. Catherine of Russin, Frederick other. On one of the occasious, a fush from despair to ecstacy, amply supplied him with a mixture of feelings of man- the Great, George the First, of Englands ionable young man from the north, who I clutched the thing convulsively; and in him the want of learning. His rude liness, resentment, ambition, benevolence, the princess of Wales, and many other had removed to Richmond, was swearing had this aggravation of my misery come oratory roused and melted hearers who conscious power, and pride. Years royal and noble persons were his bene- violently because he could find no one to from a man, I should have dashed it at his listened without interest to the labored elapsed in the process and determination factors. His speculations in the public carry home his turkey. head. But it was done in such a good. discourses of great logicians and Hebra- of the mind. He himself had perhaps funds, in several maritime ventures, and Marshall stepped up and asking him smile! She, doubtless, thought red pep- among the humbler classes. One of them, to the chosen circles. Men of wit, but- early gave him a large fortune; Voltaire will take it for you." pers the most delightful vegetable in the Pilgrim's Progress, was, in his own life- terflies, learned persons, women such as never knew what it was to be poor .- When they came to the house, the world. So, choking down my feelings, time, translated into several foreign lan- no other land has produced, were around Neither had he any real sympathy with young man inquired, "What shall I pay and endeavoring to look pleasant, I as- guages. It was, however, scarcely known him; they knew-the great mass of the the woes, needs, trailties, rights, excuses, you." sured her that the soup really could not to the learned and police, and had been, people were ignorant, all over Europe, and capacities, of the poor, the mass of "Oh, nothing, you are welcome, it was be improved by the addition of any con- during near a century, the delight of pious Out of such reflections; out of an age of the people. He had no democracy. He on my way and no trouble."

and, unlike most compliments, literally At length critics condescended to in- of the filthy orgies of the Regency; out shams, and tyrannies of those who made "That," replied he, "is John Marshall. quire where the secret of so wide and so of the times of Buffon, La Motte, Fon- a good thing out of churches and courts. Chief Justice of the United States." During this scene, I felt afraid to look durable a popularity lay. They were tenelle, Diderot, Piron, Crebillon the He loved to expose the old shysters. He "Why did he bring home my turat B ____, knowing that his turn for compelled to own that the ignorant mullaughing had at last arrived. But I took titude had judged more correctly than the moiselle Clairon, Sophie Arnold, Mad- on a great work—he did his part. Yet "To give you a severe reprimand and a steakhy glance at him; and there he learned, and that the despised little book ame de Pompadour, and Marie Antein- Voltaire can never be dear to the memo- teach you to attend to your own busisat, his face red with endeavors to pre- was really a masterpiece. Bunyan is so serve a sober deportment. He had been decidedly the first of allegorists as De. Long live free literature! Long live scicautious, and was picking out little bits of mosthenes is the first of orators or Shakchicken very gingerly-carefully avoid- speare the first of dramatists. Of the aling the extras. For the moment, I wished legorists have shown equal ingenuity, but My poor friend looked the picture of him and his friend, introduction, adre, no other has been able to touch the heart,

continually of the good Cura and his passed twelve in confinement. He still time for him to come home and die. preach, he was under the necessity of disguising himself like a carter. He was

From Life Illustrated. VOLTAIRE.

A FRAGMENT BY WALT WHITMAN.

Condition of Writers before the Amer-

ican Era-Birth and growth of Voltaire. -Louis the Grand was king of France, under confessors, and a devotee wifewonderful men and wonderful women kneeling and mumbling. The eye hardly knew what to make of it; it had been accustomed to see writers exist merely riage. "Do you want them to kill me in relieving one of their royal oppresby permission of the court, or protected Bunyan had been bred a tinker, and from France, home, friends, happiness had served as a private soldier in the fortune, for forty years, because he strung Parliamentary army. Early in his life together four or five witty phrases? Rahe had been fearfully tortured by remorse cine, Boileau, Corneille, Molicre, La for his youthful sins, the worst of which Bruyere, Fencion-what had they to ent seems, however, to have been such as the or drink but the shadows of royalty or world thinks venial. His keen sensbili- the aristocracy? Was it not in England ty and his powerful imaginaton made the same? Had it not been with Shaksis internal conflicts singularly terrible. peare and his contemporaries the same? He fancied he was under sentonce of re- There was only one other choice for litprobation—that he had sold Christ—that erateurs. Some were devoted to the serhe was actually possessed by a demon, vice of priests. Kings and the Catholic sometimes loud voices from heaven cried church directed with strong hand the out to warn him. Sometimes fiends wrists of erudition, and punished with all tears with Rousseau.—There was another any people more exactly suited to the whispered impious suggestions in his ear. bloody and remorseless punishments, He saw visions of distant mountains-tops, whoever questioned them or their will. on which the sun shone brightly, but from Among the profuse shoals of the writers which he was separated by a waste of of those times, not one appeared to speak snow. He felt the devil belind him, for man, for mind, for freedom, against su-

He feared he was about to breat asunder fit precursor, in one or two points, of the of the apostle of democracy. Surrounded like Judas. His mental agony disordered American era, was born in the year 82 by the few friends whom his misanthropic his health. One day he shook like a man before it, (namely 1694.) He devoted in the palsy. On another day he felt a himself to letters from his boyhood. He felt the hand of death stealing upon him among the people of any rural district in fire within his bresst. It is difficult to mixed with the world, went to court, at the close of a levely summer's day, the bounds of civilization. As the Gerunderstand how he survived suffering so went among women-was educated at a "Let me behold once more the glorious man has generally been able by his supe-Jesuit school-had hardly come of age setting sun," was his last request; and rior foresight and wealth, to pitch on the At length the clouds broke. From the before he was packed off to the Bastile with his dying glance turned towards the limestone valley, and as the Scotch-Irishdepths of depair the penitent passed to a for writing two or three lines the govern- western horizon, he passed away from man has sometimes been obliged to betake state of serene felicity. An irresistible ment did not like—came out by and by— life, his last look greeted by those pure himself to the slate or shallow hand, such impulse now urged bim to impart to othwrote his tragedy of Œdipus—succeeded harmonies of creation, in which alone had an inquirer may find the latter poor in -I swallowed a full glass; but it was a ers the blessings of which he was himself lished man. (The only like instance of -I swallowed a full glass; but it was a creating of which he was marked by the strong, fiery wine, and felt like liquid possessed. He joined the Baptists and such back and proportionate species for such bac strong, fiery wine, and felt like liquid possessed. He joined the Daplets and strong, fiery wine, and felt like liquid possessed. He joined the Daplets and strong, fiery wine, and felt like liquid possessed. He joined the Daplets and strong, fiery wine, and felt like liquid possessed. He joined the Daplets and strong fiery wine, and felt like liquid possessed. He joined the Daplets and proportionate success long duced no visible sensation in French somitting toil, but no where else will be find flame in my already lacerated throat. I could have screamed in agony; the tears ucation had been that of a mechanic could have screamed in agony; the tears ucation had been that of a mechanic country the Raylla agony. bung trembling in my eyes, and I gazed He knew no language but the English. Goethe.) Voltaire saw the Bastile again potent than that of Voltaire. To destroy more just to man, or more loyal to God. wildly around, in hopes of finding some-He had studied no great model composis spirited reply to an insult from one of to create a new society was that of Roustion, with the exception-an important the pets of the court. Such were the seau. On these two principles rested The senorita, perceiving that I wanted exception undoubtedly—of our noble conditions under which writers held their the whole theory of the French Revolu-

ette-rose the Encyclopædia Français, ry of men. ence! The French Encyclopædia turned the instruments of the great overtures of the French Revolution and the American

This article is only a fragment. It skips clean over, after all, the breadth of the existence of the mighty infidel.

Last Days and Death of Voltaire .-The stretch finishing a life passed in long and long in exile. Now it came

KAVANAGH. often introduced into meeting through years, and in the eighty-fourth year of doom, which is really great or sublime in bad sign to see it all concentrated in his halped to warm our sluggish blood; but mined to push his advantage, "we are al- have persuaded us to remain another day, back doors, with a smock frock on his his age, Voltaire once more visited Paris. Seeling. It is not while we shrink, but Woman's Rights.—We know no strictly devout than her husband, regret- is no sublimity in the agony of terror. It's a good sign to see a woman dressed of the Chilian wigwam-and not proffer moments spent in silence, the servant ap- ising to call and see him, if possible, on rights of woman that are separated from ted being unable to behold one of the Whether do we trace it most in the cry with taste and neatness. It's a bad sign the rights of man. There is no injury most illustrious men of his age. Voltaire to the mountains, "Fall on us," and to to see her husband sued for her feathers whole secret of our singular reception upon the other. It the Turk keeps wo, the court, by the extraordinary honors of the prophecy-"And though after my PURITY.-Young ladies should guard greeted him with long and enthusiastic being necessary to the sublime, their pointment under government at last-for "Have you any ribbons?" inquired themselves against undue familiarity, how- acclamations. When the tragedy was greatest action is totally destructive of it; here's a letter marked immediate, and 'On ever innocent. Purity, that blushes un- over, the author's bust was discovered on and that there are few feelings less capes her Majesty's service!" (Poor little consciously like the summer rose, is the the stage, and crowned with laurel amid ble of its perception than that of a coward, soul! what does she know about rates and repeated bursts of applause. Few mon -Rushin.

ever had a more passionate love of renown than Voltaire, and few had their desire so entirely fulfilled. Overpowered phia, in his admirable tribute to the late with emotion, he rose at length on trem- Chief Justice Gibson, thus speaks of the bling limbs and prepared to depart. His Scotch-Irish element in our population: ountenance was wasted and pale, but "It is known that they were a body of his fine dark eyes filled with tears, had men driven from their own country to preserved all their former softness and the north of Ireland by the persecution brilliancy. Men of the highest rank, and of the Stuarts, there to remain for a few the most noble and beautiful women, generations, and then year by year to find and literally bore him down to his car- mately, enough remained behind to assist with joy?" he exclaimed, addressing those sors of his head, and another of his who surrounded him. He was led home grown; and enough were driven off to by an enthusiastic crowd, bearing lighted form a valuable element in American torches, so that all might once more be- colonization. In Pe hold the idol of France. The streets re- tlements were more widely diffused than sounded with shorts of triumphs as he in other portions of the Union, and they on the 30th of May, 1778. The clergy laborious, lovers of order, lovers of jusrefused to bury him; and while his name tice, republicans by nature and by adop-

Another Death-Comparison of Volequally great character, from whom, in France, the first can hardly be separated, institutions. To the present day they remuch as they contrast against each other : tain their distinctive peculiarities. Let

PROR "WOMEN IN FRANCE." A month after the death of Voltaire brand of Cain had been set toon him. Francis-Marie Arouet de Voltaire, a dazzling triumph awaited the obscure end kindly hospitality, as much purity of life, temper had not yet wholly estranged, he

times of the goddesses of the opera, and to be cheated by the traditions, quibbles, quired the young man of a bystander.

THE SUBLIME. I am fully prepared to allow of much

ingenuity in Burke's theory of the sublime as connected with self-preservation. There are few things so great as death; and there is, perhaps, nothing which banishes all littleness of thought and feeling in an equal degree with its contemplation .-Everything, therefore, which in any way points to it-and, therefore, most dangers many noble labors, the old man extended and powers over which we have little control-are in some degree sublime. persisted in preaching, but, that he might FROM "WOMEN IN FRANCE," BY JULIA contemplation of death; not the instinctive shudder and struggle of self-preservation, After an absence of twenty-seven but the deliberate measurement of the the color of health in a man's face. L'a a It was decided that he should not be re- while we defy, that we receive or convey ceived at court. Marie Antoinette, less the highest conceptions of the fate. There to see them filling holes in his windows. theatre, where his last piece, Irene, was tion will easily convince any one that, so win). "Oh, see, dear, what I have for acted, than the whole audience rose and far from the feelings of self-preservation you--I'm sure uncle has got you an ap-

SCOTCH-IRISH.

William A. Porter, Esq., of Philadel-

crowded round him as he left his sent, with us a more congenial home. Fortupassed by. A few weeks after receiving have always constituted an important these memorable honors, Voltaire died, part of its population. Quiet, peaceable, was on every lip, the government forbade tion, drawing a pure religious faith from his death to be mentioned in the public the well of living waters, and howing the blindness of those by whom France was kings, it may well be doubted whether amid the varied phenomena attending the wants of the country, or the genius of her any traveler in the interior of Pennsylvania turn aside to one of their unambioccurred that of Rousseau. No lofty and tious dwellings, and he will find as much as much cheerfulness and content, as much accurate information on all questions of

TRUE GREATNESS

Chief Justice Marshall was in the habt of going to market himself, and carry-Verdict,-With all these things, Vol- ing home his purchases. Frequently he

natured way, and with such a sweet its. His works were widely circulated not so much to complain of; he belonged a share in the victualling of the army, where he lived, "That is my way, and I

diment, and that "it would not have been cottagers and artisans before it was pub- irony and licentiousness above, and ser- had no belief in the soul-none in inbetter, even it prepared by her own fair licly commended by any man of high liter- vility and superstition below; out of the mortality. He had a clear head, never brought home my turkey for me?" in-

ness," was the reply.

True greatness never feels above doing anything that is useful, but especially the truly great man will never feel above helping himself. His own independence of character depends on his being able to help himself. Dr. Franklin, when he first established himself in business in Philadelphia, wheeled home the paper which

he published for his printing office, upon

a wheel barrow, with his own bands.

GOOD AND BAD SIGNS .- It's a good But it is not the fear, observe, but the sign to see a man doing an act of charity to his fellows. It's a bad sign to hear him boasting of it. It's a good sign to s 6 man wearing old clothes. It's a bad sign